

halfpenny; yet, he who led the blind out of the way, took from the aged woman what little light her contrivance had assisted her with.

Now I think there needs no conjurer to tell what will become of *Jack Wildboy*, or any other boy who follows his example. *Mr. Crop*, therefore, declines giving his opinion in a case which is rendered so very plain and easy by his naughty life, but will presently set before them another case of a good boy, which though any one may be assured will end in happiness, yet none can tell how many pleasures and pastimes he will enjoy.

WHERE

WHERE is there a little boy or girl who loves bad apples or plums, or four tarts? And yet all naughty children are like these; and therefore no one can love or respect them, much less will they encourage them.

*Mr. Crop* will have nothing to say to any one who does not learn his book without murmuring, and go to school cheerfully; not wanting bread and butter to carry with him, or asking for halfpence to buy cherries, or marbles to play with by the way, a trick *Mr. Crop* knows many boys to be guilty of: Some too, after

*Thm*